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A Visit to the Bazaars of Stamboul

By EDA LORD MURPHY, Constantinople College, Constantinople, Turkey

IT HAS always been more or less exciting to go (even to Des Moines) on a hunt for equipment, but I am sure that Constantinople exceeds all other cities in offering the greatest number of surprises!

On the shopping list are such ordinary articles as teaspoons, tablespoons, a chopping bowl, a garbage pail! But who would suppose you would select aluminum spoons while you stand in the middle of a narrow street and are jostled by the crowd or nearly tipped over by the hamals, with their unbelievable loads? Men they are who carry any and everything on their backs. One has a big porcelain stove (the kind Mark Twain said looks like the family monument), another a bed spring, another a huge basket of vegetables. If it were the rainy season and the streets overflowing with water they'd carry you for five piaster (maybe)!

The chopping bowl necessitates a trip to the "Wood Bazaar" and disappointment at not finding it is more than compensated by the fascination of the street. All the shops are wide open and have iron doors to protect the goods at night. Men are sitting crosslegged, using strange tools and fashioning chair legs or tables or stools. You show one man your favorite pattern for wooden spoons and he only nods his head and says "The Guild" will not allow him to fill the order! The interpreter supplements Turkish with demonstrations of the size and shape of a chopping bowl, but no such thing has ever been made in "The Wood Bazaar!"

If only you needed a bride's chest! There they are in gorgeous array, red or green, decorated with intricate designs in brass with brass tacks. Or, if you

were an itinerant meat market you could buy the little screened cupboard to carry on your back. Later, in a department store your eye lights on a wee, thick, chopping bowl, six inches in diameter, with a wicked looking curved knife for a chopper. It has suddenly become tremendously important to have one and you wonder if perhaps it is not a great idea to have it so tiny after all!

On the way out of the street you pass the nut market. Here you can buy peanuts that might have grown in Virginia, filberts, shelled and roasted if you like, walnuts, almonds and pine nuts. You buy a few of each, hoping soon to learn the native ways of using them. They are put in gravies and sauces, roasts and stews as well as cakes and candies.

The interpreter warns you that you probably won't find a real garbage pail you'll have to content yourself with something quite different. But luck is with you and you find a beautiful one, pale blue with a washable crockery container. Just the thing!

Now you are passing all too quickly the "Coffee Bazaar." Such fragrant odors tempt you to linger. If you showed any signs of buying coffee the merchant would serve you samples of various kinds. It would be served in the tiniest of cups, but you would start on your way refreshed. It is the Turkish life-saver. It is creamy and thick and, for foreigners, sweet.

Here is a shop with water jugs made of a crude sort of clay and glazed. This is the very place to buy custard cups! The man finds six of the same size (approximately) and you marvel to think that you are going to use hand-made pottery in the kitchen.

Next you begin the hunt for dish towels. The street venders beg you to consider common, imported, ugly ones, but you insist on waiting until you finally pass a Greek woman who displays lovely striped ones of soft texture woven from cotton by peasants. These are beautiful in an eastern kitchen.

A few more measuring cups would help, but no such thing is to be found in any store. Perhaps the tinsmith would make them or perhaps you will have to learn to use the Turkish measure. You tremble to think of the arithmetic involved and the results in the cooking!

Getting out of this maze is almost worse than getting in. The car just misses a grape vendor's tray to tip over one filled with long, slender egg plants. The man who is roasting chestnuts has to squirm out of your way and the woman who sells parsley tosses you a bunch in exchange for five piasters, while you almost run over her toes! It is perilous to try to stop in such traffic and so you pass by brilliant radishes, marvelous melons, fresh figs and pears.

Finally you reach Galata bridge and an old grey beard of a man takes the toll. You have left Stamboul and are hurrying to Pera. Here the shops are quite European and the streets are filled with a different sort of crowd. There is just time to run into a Russian shop to buy some fresh rings (covered with sesame seed) and some big, delicious macaroons. These, with a cup of tea, will rest you like magic.

As soon as you are rested you begin to plan another trip to the copper bazaar or the rug bazaar or the brass shops, where you know you will be tempted—and fall!

Glimpses in a Christmas Shop

By HELEN BRENNAN

THE YEAR is aging and growing old, the wintry winds and drifting snows proclaim to us the passing of romantic summer and flippant fall. With the grayed and tired closing year, come the thoughts of Christmas bells and the reindeer which are soon to trip lightly over the roofs, and of Santa, who, with his bag bulging, will slip down the chimneys to leave gifts that will be cherished by the little ones until his next coming.

If we could all be blessed as Santa is, with the ability to know just what would please every person, how glorious and joyful the pre-Christmas season would be. The time-aged joke of the bag that traveled the rounds and at last, like a boomerang, returned to its starting point, would be completely unknown. However, that would be perfection, and after all the thought one puts on a Christmas present is perhaps the factor which gives the most pleasure to the receiver.

Most people enjoy gifts which have a personal touch. A feeling of closer at-

tachment seems to permeate gifts which have even just a speck of hand work, rather than an article which is run out of a factory with others just like it.

A friend of mine introduced me the other day to a dear little shop which caters in handmade gifts. In this sweet little home-like place, I was shown gifts that would cause the heart of any seeker of Christmas gifts to jump a beat. St. Nicholas surely must have been the chief stockholder and creator of the ideas expressed there. I am going to try to take you thru this lovely little place and show you what I saw.

Ribbons are always brim full of possibilities and the little case displayed "oodles" of clever ideas. Sachets were made in square, oblong and tri-cornered shapes, prettily decorated with flowers, bows and dainty lace. To me the ones revealing little tinges of water color on the delicate backgrounds were most pleasing.

When speaking of ribbon, garters al-

ways present themselves, to be hidden in heaps of some bright color. A most adorable pair was of pale green and lavender, caught with tiny rosettes on one side and little bells suspended on bits of ribbon.

Something new in lingerie! The enhancing charm of rich brocaded satin appeals to every woman and I for one was no exception. In this display were articles of every sort, but dear little confiners made from straight pieces of satin ribbon and a dab of elastic in the back were about as sensible and different as anything I have ever seen.

Where is the woman who will turn aside from the appeal of vanity—especially when displayed in the very articles of vanity! One corner of this shop gratified that feminine falling in its exhibit of powder puffs. I can attempt to describe but one type of the many that were there. Georgette of delicate shades had been shirred on the back of the puff, leaving a

(Continued on Page 18)